

*The WISDOM of*  
boys and girls, is the time to have your  
Fortunes told.

**PRAY** tell me my Fortune, good Mr.  
*Crop*, says *Tim Prattle*. Your Fortune!  
truly, your Fortune will be to be whip-  
ped this afternoon. No, no, that will  
be my misfortune; besides, I am sure  
you don't know that, for I shall stay at  
home, and not go to school. Very  
well, Master *Prattle*, very well; but  
you shall be whipped for all that, so get  
you gone; and so it was; for though  
*Tim* did not go to school, his father  
flogged him for stealing some apples at  
home.

I SHOULD

*CROP the CONJURER.*

I SHOULD have told you more  
this famous *Crop the Conjuror*, if *Tim*  
not stopped me with his prattle; but  
having a little leisure, I will make  
all as wise as myself. He is gran-  
d to old Nurse *Dandlem*, who used to  
his hair close to his head all round



she would say, that thick long hair  
boys look like dunces. He had the  
traordinary method of telling

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